NEW YORK'S DAY OF REST.

THE WAY THE PROPLE ON MANHATTAN ISLAND SPEND SUNDAY.

All Bay and Night Inspection of the City One Week Ago-Thomands Found Mard at Work-Bistricts Where the Shops Are Not Closed-Handreds of Thomands of Persons Out for a Holiday-Beer Clubs, Bives, and Museums in Full Blast.

On Sunday in New York, when the factories close and all the principal stores, except those wherein drugs, liquer, or cigars are sold, shut their doors, how do the people spend their time? The supposition of a modern New Zea-lander who had never been here, but know that it was one of the foremost of Christian cities, would naturally be that our citizens respect the Angle-Saxon convention or superstition regarding Sunday, going to church two or three times, and devoting the remainder of the day to rest and reflection behind our front doors.

Yet not half the New Yorkers go to church. The figures prove it. There are not churches nough, and those there be are not roomy nough to make it possible. There are 400 churches in New York, and if we allow so libaral an estimate as that they average a seating capacity of 1,500 persons, it is demonstrated that only 600,000 New Yorkers could get into them if every new were filled. That would leave at least 650,000 and perhaps 800,000 outside the churches every Sunday. Perhaps this is as fair a statement of the case as can be made, be-cause while it is true that two-thirds of the churches are never filled, it is also true that in many of the Roman Catholic churches several asses are celebrated on Sunday mornings, one before a different congregation, so that the Roman Catholic strength may be pre-sumed to offset the Protestant weakness.

we estimate that 600,000 or more New Yorkers do not go to Church at all, while hundreds of thousands who do go in the morning are influenced by European training to con-sider the deference to religion in that one act of worship as satisfying all the demands of the Church, and spend the rest of the time as a holiday. The Anglo-Saxon under such circum-stances would stay at home, or, at the most, would indulge in a breath of fresh air in the suburbs. The Spaniard would feel at libery to tend a cock fight or bull fight, or to go to the pera or theatre with his French or German or would share this spirit, and the Hebrew, hav-ing honored a Sunday of his own on Saturday, uld be at liberty to join with any one in any spirit of recreation or pleasure. New York has all these people—armies of them—but she also has Sunday laws that claim an origin in the Sexon theory of Sunday, the only one that makes the first day of the week more or less of

what we call a Puritanical day of worship. Sundays, taking heed of no particular part of the population or section of town, but walking and riding all over the city from noon until midnight, a reporter of The Sun was sent out with a camera-eyed artist last Sunday. It was not a nice day. The sky was threatening and the streets were sloppy. This curbed pleasure and kept thousands at home. Yet the tour of the town was productive of much that is pecu-liar and interesting and that will cause the historian of the future to prize THE SUN even more

highly than before.

TRADE KEPT UP AS USUAL Chatham street, as it will be called whatever name the Aldermen choose to give to it, had no trace whatever of Sunday about it. The ele-vated cars thundered overhead, the horse cars inds were doing business, and the restaurants and holels were as wide open as so many empty clam shells. The sidewalks bustled with humanity. You would have said the only difference between Sunday and Saturday was that there were loss people about, but the reporter found another difference. Every one wore his or her best clothes. If you looked down the side streets you saw solid-looking workingmen in the tenement doorways wearing a profitedary air, which they put on with their best clothes as they stood smoking cigars in place of the every-day pipes. The young girls were all in fresh merinees and starched collars—a definite proof that it was Sunday, for on week days they give no thought to clothing except for covering their bodies. Scores of these naidens who had been to church in the morning were now hoping for a bright afternoon so that they might promenade the Brooklyn Bridge. The great span is always crowded on Sundays with girls and young men who like to show their Sunday clothes and best graces to one another. On Sundays it might well be called Flirtation Bridge. The bridge fulfils another office. It is being prescribed by plysicians for all sorts of ailments. It is becoming a sort of patent medicine and local remedy. It is recommended for persons with weak lungs. ty clam shells. The sidewalks bustled with

ing a sort of patent medicine and local remedy. It is recommended for persons with weak lungs, sufferer from indigestion, and convalescents who would be sent to Italy if they were rich, but instead are ordered to walk on the bridge and breathe its uncontaminated air.

Up at Chatham square the hat stores, pawnbrokers' sale stores, eigar shops, and even the clothing and peddiers' supply watchouses, were all open. A Puritan would have considered it bediam and never thought of Sunday. And so East Brondway was reached—wonderful, quaint, ancient East Brondway—an anchronism in brick and flesh. Here, in the houses vacated by the wealthy Quakers of another day, the orthodox Jews now live. They are mainly from Poland, but some among them are from Roumania. Russia, Hungary, Servia, Herzegovina—all the countries where a rude Christianity has crowded the Hebrews into defensive bands and let them know nothing of life more keenly than man's injustice. Here the rabbis are the principal rulers. Their synagogues are nt once churches, schools, lew courts, and meeting places. The old women suming themselves in the doorways wear the wigs custom put on married women's bead in Moses's time. If they are very economical they have these wigs made of a black thread courser than horse hair. There is no Sunday here. The groceries are opened, the tailors in the shops are hard at work in plain sight from the street, the Hebrew book stores are crowded, men and women stumble along beneath groat bales of trousers and coans, and the spirit of commerce is dominant. There is not an American, English, German, Franch, or any other familiar sort of name to be seen on the signs. They bear such names as Kantrovitz, Samilsom, Flatow, Wilensky, Prosinsky. You enter one of the stores whose windows are barriended with bundles of trousers, such as farmer boys wear. A lot of men are at work on tables and some women have sewing in their laps, You talk with the proprietor and he says he sells at wholosale rates for small buyers, and doosn't says that if you ha



In the roadway are seen the ostentatious plumes of four hearses, one leading a innerni cortige and three standing by the sidewalks, such with its ostrich feather pent-nons metion-less, and with its retinue of carriages behind it. This illustrates a peculiar phase of ety like familiar to every student of the town. Funcrals are considered in these peoper districts as almost blessings to every one but the immediate beroaved. They offer a welcome charge in the monotony of life, giving almost these who sayly them ever get, and providing the only glimpess of the country that some people ever enjoy. One of the hearse drivers says that the dead in that neighborhood are saved up until funday, even from Tuesday night, as in one of BEADY FOR FOUR PENEMALS.



museum. It is a creature above the law. The glundils have all their blinds down and look quite Sabbath loving, but through the fanilishs come the voices of the drinkers within, and you see men slipping in at the side doors and women slipping out with pails in their hands. Every third store in the Bowery is open. There is no ninted Purlian Sunday in this most cosmopolitan of all American streets.

Cinta Town is always busier on Sunday than on any other day, because it has always been a custom for the 2,000 or 3,000 Chinamen of Brooklyn. Newark. Belleville, and the rest of the suburbs to meet the 3,500 Chinamen of Manhattan Island on that single block of Mott street on this day of rest. Some how the lanterns and flags look gandlier and the signs and queer ornaments on the fronts of the buildings wear a more sprightly air than on any other day. Chinamen come from all directions, and while most of them are absorbed by the gaping doors, a great many are left to loof about the sidewalks in a truly Caucastan way. They hitch up their shirt-like coats and bury their hands in their trousers in a manner most ridiculous, and after diving down Tom Lee's cellar they reappear with cigars in their mouths, smoking exactly like women—that is to say, with only the tip of the cigar inserted in the middle of their lips and their lips pursed out as if they had yet to learn how to smoke. They are having a taste of western barbarism as the reporter comes along, because the Mott street boys have chosen this morning to continue that battle with the Park street boys which began way back in the days of the Dead Rabbits, and has ever since been continued by succeeding generations. The Park street boys which began way back in the days of the Dead Rabbits, and has ever since been continued by succeeding generations. The Park street boys are at the foot of the hill and the Mott street boys are up at the church corner. They are raining volleys of missiles on each other, when one of the bigger ones says, "Let's pelt the Chinees." In forty secon



ndway from the City Hall Park to Madiyou can see the hills and hollows of the rond and the helghts and shapes of the buildings as you never see them on a week day, there is a host of people in uncomfortable good clothes, partly promenading, but mainly bent on getting somewhere, and with expectations of having a good time stenciled on all their faces. The day here has a holiday air and, after all, thats what the day manfy is in New York—a holiday. Once you get away from that balk of compact humanity that runs up the cast side from Chatham square to Eighticth street, where the Tolanders and Pohemians and poorest Rebrews live, you find that the only work done in the rest of the city is on the railroads and ferrybonts and behind the counters of the saloons, hotels, and a few sorts of small shops. Everybody cless is resting or having a good time. Between Union square and Madison square there is a sudden apparition of numberleas collections of ten-cent hickory sticks with nickel-plated heads which the dudes from Avenue A carry off very proudly. In the neighborhood of the big hotels above Madison square there we held recessed and well-fed metropolitan man. He doesn't seem to know exactly what to do with himself, He has read the paper and been shaved, and now he is drifting up and down Broadway between Delmonico's and the clubs furthest down town, in the hope of flading seme one to talk to, or some one to give him a lint what to do. All the large hotel lobbies are nimest filled with a curious Sunday mixture of humanity.

do. All the large hotel lobbies are aimost filled with a curious Sunday mixture of humanity.

Nothing to do but to drive.

There are the strangers and their pursuers, the commercial travelers, and then there is that army of mysterieus mee who know everybedy and everything and yet always remain riddes to those who need them. No one knews what they also or where they live. They manys say: "I will be at the Fifth Avanue at 6 o'cock." They dross well, talk well, and look comfortable. They point out well-known persons and say: "There's Belancey Kune," or "There's Berry Wall." In they don't knew these lights of the social world, except to point at. They never tell where they live or where they get their money, and hobedy seems to find out. The hotels were specially full of them on this day, because it was disagreeable out of doors. All the barrooms (except that odd one whose proprietor boasts that he never breaks the law were cowded, and though the bars were ecvered over with sheeting, nebody wanted for anything to drink. There ddirt seem to be anything to drink. There ddirt seem to be anything else to do except to drink, and out side of the hotels, in the hig Broadway resorts, the bowling alloys and tolliard rooms were in full blast. A study of the faces of the people in those resorts upset all former theories as to the cause of the people in chose resorts upset all former theories as to the cause of the people in chose resorts upset all former theories as to the cause of the people in drinks and drilliards and hilarious dining seemed to have a new interest, and was participated in by few foreigners. However, the Anglo-Ruxen spirit prevails in the principal of clubs, Billiards and cards have been voted off color by those who enjoy playing them, because it is not respectable to play on Sandays.

In Twenty-third street the reporter's eye, resing on the sign board of the Poung Men's Christian Association, caught the announcement that there was to be a meeting hall lad not been opened, and those who were going in had as NOTHING TO DO BUT TO DRINK.



treats as far away from the city's centre as possible. These couples are always equally didded between the sexes, and seem to be the happier the further they get away from

have had their dinners. Many spend the rest of their day until bedtime at the pool or billiard tables and in playing cards, but the majority form a shifting clientele, going out for a walk, going home for support returning between 7 and 8 oblock in the eventua, and then departing again for two or three hours of visiting among the girls or for court-ship of their sweethearts. But the flow of teer never changes, neither does the rhythmic ticking of the billiard balls or the contests with the cards. There is very little disorder in these places. The mon meet so frequently and live so near one another that they are well acquainted with each other. If a moralist en-







you see such wide-awake, such handsome, such genial, such sida-awake, such well-dressed lei-lows as the youths and young business men in comfortable circumstances in this city. There is no lostlifly to early notions about Sunday in this noon parade of beauty; in fact the procession is made up of churchcars, but at about 5 o'clock on Sunday afternoon a greater host of somewhat different men and women traverses the ayenue with slow and dding steps, all busied to the utmost with locking at the houses and the carriages and at each other. These are the strangers from the hotels, the people from the up-town bearding houses, and all manner of folks from twenty miles



around who like to see and be seen on Fifth avenue. Some have no other object in view, and others take that way of getting to the Park. In each group there is ant to be one person who points out it. Bennet's house, the Stewart mansion. Jay Gould's residence, Dr. Hall's church, the Vanderbilt nalaces, and all the other sights with a great deal more volubleness than reliability. And then there's the Park, into which a Paritamien! Sabbath keeper would not put his nose on Sunday unless he could be sure of being alone there to meditate on the grandeur of nature, and yet this Christian city sometimes sends 150,000 persons ioninging along the rustic paths selley on pleasure bent. Such seches of fifting, such break-neck romping, such a multitudinous iam as finit around the animals eages, such holicaly fun as the boats on the lake provide, such laughing and chaffing and displays of porely worldly instincts as are met with it the Park would send the spirit of Cotton Matner gladly back to the grave. These are only in keeping with the spirit that makes Sunday no different from St. Patrick's or Washington's day.

Second avenue from Seventh street to about

Second avenue from Seventh street to about Twentieth street becomes on Sunday nights the seat of an institution that is more peculiar than anything close known to Manhattan Island. It is the cust side Fifth avenue, on which the clorks and shop girls assemble after supper, estencibly to promenade, but literally only to first. The girls, ranging from 15 to 21 or 22, are in their best bashines, and the young men have put on their highest collars and brought out their most gorgeons canes along with their Sunday suits. At first the sexes are entirely separated. The girls promenade in complex, tries, and even quintets, and the boys follow and pass them is the same-sized





the day of rest. The same is tree of the Wicking and Common and Madison, according to the Madiso

less meant to be a concession in the direction of making this a snered concert. The other was the very remarkable dress that these women generally wore. It was a shapeless thing, that began too late and ended too soon, starting below the armpits and ending above the knees. Waist it had none. That dress, when worn in conjunction with hair banged in front and hanging loose down the back, is erroneously supposed by the wearers to give them an appearance of extreme youth.

A few doors further along Fourteenth street toward Third avenue was another place that charged an admission fee. Smaller than the place last visited and much less protentious, it was densely througed by a more mixed audience. Women of the type described already were abundant, generally a little chier, and not unite so well dressed. Fut scattered among them here and there, at the tables, were women with little children. One of them had three little onestwoold enough to stand around and get unuterably weary for lack of the seats monopolized by persons old enough to buy beer, one a golden-haired little tot that stood on a chair and crowed morrily when the audience laughed and applauued the obscendites, said and sung on the stage. It is not right, according to law, to sell beer in the audience laughed and applauued the obscendites, said and sung on the stage. It is not right, according to law, to sell beer in the audience laughed them on the stage. It is not right, according to law, to sell beer in the audience and relosed and suppassed, the sang two "opical ballads," one of which was grossly immoral and spiced with speken interludes of the same character. Then he danced a jig—danced it very well, too. He was a great favorite and was loudly applauded.

"Who is that young man?" a visitor asked of a young woman, pointing to a person who looked like a man enter and who paraded about ostentatiously.

"He's de coeler what keeps good order," she replied, with artless grace.

Like spites in the law of the same the replication of the same character. Then he

ostentatiously.

"He's de cooler what keeps good order," she replied, with artiess grace.

Lier spiders in There wers.

There were other such places on Eighth street, on Thirteenth street, on Houston street, on Bleecker street, en Great Jones street, and on the Bowery—all open and all thronged. One of the Bowery—all open and all thronged. One of the Bowery—all open and all thronged, One of the Bowery—all open and all thronged. One of the space of two small back yards. The raiters are low: the walls are hideously daubed with glaring colors feebly suggesting marine views and landscapes; the light is dim; the piano jungles tunelessly: the walters have slouchy, sidelong movements, in which a sulien aggressiveness seems to lurk. Twenty-three women, none of them yet young, none of them pretty, sat before bare tables—waiting. Seven men, shabby, wollish-looking young feilows, also sat before bare tables—waiting. Seven men, shabby, wollish-looking young feilows, also sat which we have a sulfied seven as a man and woman sat talking, he drinking whiskey, she drinking beer. As for the rest, the sexes kept aloof. Each knew that there was nothing to be made out of the specimens of the other there present. All sat silent, watching and waiting, like human spiders, intent upon the expectation of the caming of some human fig. There was no laughter—airtle speech. The seene was a picture of miscrable, profitless, despendent vice, Three or four doors further west was a picture of miscrable, profitless, despendent vice, Three or four doors further west was a picture of miscrable, profitless, despendent vice, Three or four doors further west was a picture of miscrable, profitles, despendent vice, Three or four doors further

in which at least 50,000 persons in this city, every Sunday night. "remember the Sabbath day."

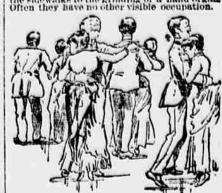
It was at about 11 o'clock at night that the reporter and artist walked down a few blocks of Eighth avenue below Fiftieth street, and, turning, made their way down a side street to Sixth avenue. It happened to be just that time appointed by a mysterious law for the general leavetaking of young male courtiers and their sweethearts. Sometimes in the shadowy and dusk haliways of the apartment houses the young woman of the case was seen snuggled in a corner so as not to attract attention, while her bean steed with one foot on a lower stepprepared either to depart instantly or to remain for an hour, according to the nature of circumstances. At other times the couple had been out visiting or to an entertainment, and then she was half in the opened doorway and he was holding her hand—just as long and as



cloquently, you may be sure, as she remained patfout. The instances where the front doors flew open and the young manshet out and ran down the steps were low alongly to be quite impressive. In one case the Interested observers were lewarded by seeing good night, said in the way that come luritain men and maddens must have uttered and scaled it, though rever, we trust, except where the most serious intentions on the part of the young man have been declared and accepted. The actist's benefit has invaded this bit of privacy. Sunday right is the chosen time for dancing on the cast side. Dancing is opiosed by Anglo-Saxon tradition, and the police have been known to consider it "disorderly conduct" when it is considered of on Sunday nights, but there is to eme off on overy Sunday nights, but there is to eme off on every Sunday nights between Catharine street and Harison and between the Third avenue and the raist liver, and some very race latter assembles there are in the ball rooms. Some are given by trade unions some by singing, athletic, and sharpshooters see eights and some by those queer or gailzations chall at the New Corld rounted the enigrants from certain sections of the Old World, as from the upper Litine for instance, or from Hanover or some clatter for fine Old World, as from the upper Litine for instance, or from Hanover or some clatter for its closers, and clubs that adopt the name of some politician so as to get him to keen the beathers in room reat or beer, and of these edter strange clubs that call themselves "the Dew Drot Cotorie," or "the Saxih Ward Rangers," or "the tentismes's Sans, or "the Lava and Let Lilees.

MANY SORTS OF SUNDAY DANGE.

The police call the lestive yours who belong to those clubs Terre roor Toughs or including our gardians have only one name for the girls who are seen at these assemblies, and that is "Pivoters." A pivoter in this city is an unmarried woman, usually a young gut, who devotes herself to dancing. Tourend the surprised to



They are called "picoters" dance in a way so peculiar that except, perhaps, splinners, wou scribe what their principal mo

htipity-hor all around the room. And now and then a lusty fellow would selze a belle from off the wail settee, and she and he would plunge in four leaps across the room in a manner that made toboggaring seem tame and football puerile. And it was well worth the half dollar admission to hear some of the girls sit down when they were too tired to bend gracefully and just bent in the middle and dropped upon one of the benches. Every time they did they gave a certificate of character to the bench that withstood the attack.

Suddenly, in the heat of the dancing, Herr Richard Mueller blew his whistle, and on the stage there appeared a stalwart, handsome, bearded monk in a robe of sackeloth, belted with a rope, and wearing a pendant cross and rosary. He was a first-class actor—few better are seen on the stage. He rang of how hard if was to be a monk and see all the kissing that goes on in the world, without getting even just a tiny wee bit of it. One kiss, he said, would satisfy him. Husbands kiss and sweetheartic kiss, but monks, he declared, do nothing of the sort, though sometimes in the performance of their duties pretty lips come close to their faces. It was a solemn, earnest, plaintive song and it was a curious sight to see so clever at actor on a stage within a foot of six rows o plump and pretty German maidens, pleading for a kiss while they held their sides and roared their laughter at him.

Ach dot! Ach Got! Ach Got!



This necount says nothing of the patient and reflective folks who sit on the wherves all Sunday long making the water front bristle with braiber poles and the rushing rivers fret with numberless. Issuing lines. They do no harm, yet the traditional Angle-Saxon thought is links the devotee of Gambrinus. Nor is there included in this summary any account of the hundreds of houses even in the best quarters, where family parties and dances are holden on Sunday nights, the music at which rings out upon the cars of passers by. But, burring these exceptions, the account here set forth is a pactity thorough description of the way New York spends Sunday.

GOELLER'S OLD VIOLIN.

Made in Germany in 1606, and Hidden Away in an Ancient Cloister.

In an Ancient Cloister.

From the Kingdon Freeman.

Probably the oldest violin in Ulster county is owned by John Goeller of Kondout. It was manufactured in the year 1606 in Germany. The old violin has a strange history. In 1820 the sexton of an ancient cloister in Germany found a violin in the garret of the building. It was covered with dust and cobwebs. On the box was the date 1606, and the maker's name. The sexton, being somewhat of a musician, discovered that the instrument he had found was a valuable one. He took it to young Goeller's grandfather, who was a good friend of his, and a noted musician in that part of Germany, and said:

"Professor, here is an instrument that I found in the cloister garret. It sintrinsic value! Know not, but that it is worth a large sum I am convinced. I give it to you on one condition, and that is you will promise me never to let it go out of the Goeller family.

The Professor promised, and the violin changed ownership. Just previous to the old Professor's death, in Germany, he sent the violin to his son. George Goeller, now of Rondout, but at that time living in New York and playing in the orchestra at the old Chatham streat Theatre. One night a message reached Mr. Goeller at the theatre that the house where he lived was on fire. His first thought was of the old violin, which was in his bedroom. He was on his ife, he rushed into the burning building. A cry of horror aross from the crowd in the street, who were sure that the man had gone to his death. A minute later Mr. Goeller, had risked his life for, exclaimed.

"I'm — if the man diffiction in the street who were here and found the house in flames. Nothing dunnted, and at the prized instrument. He sank exhausted to the sidewalk. A bystander, seeing what Mr. Goeller had risked his life for, exclaimed.

"I'm — if the man diffict in the risk of his life, he rushed into the burning building. A cry of horror aross from the crowd in the street, who were sure that the man had gone to his death. A minute later Mr. Goeller had risked

Three Stages of Love.

From the Pall Mall Gazette. Miss Marthu G, Martin, an attendant at an Oldham restaurant brought an action against Mr. Joseph Patt, archivelt for breast action against Mr. Joseph Patt, archivelt for breast at the processed man assessor and a tary set at Manchester yesterday fan is to assess the distances. The defendant had paid \$25 into court, but entered no appearance.

Mr. Assent, for the plaintit said the defendant, who dan 30) to meem the demages. The described and had paid \$25 into course, but externed no appearance.

Mr. Asepoft, for the planted, said the defendant, who was in a read position, was accusioned to take his metals at the resolvention, where the plaintiff was one of the principal attendance. The betters between the parties begon with two or intre-sheets and dwandled down to lattle posterni. They belonged to the three periods:

1. The binding fermon they are the principal sheets.

2. The fermon of the day.

3. The fermon thereon they are the control of the described of which on remove of the ford dwarfing that imposed our weak on remove out for a description of the descri